

LIFE

You're a massive LA star

You're perhaps prouder of that
definition

"Star" than anything else

A shining light, far away in a black
endless void

Without stars there is only
darkness above us

It is the shining of the stars,
which frame the universe

Which signifies heaven

You whisper into the night

Both a song and prayer
Where the edges of truth playfully
prance with belief
You whisper...

“Crazy star.”

You're a good person and you're
trying to figure it all out, just like
everything

All done with the needed balance
of being a human now

There is a strange person at your
gate

You're going to a party tonight

You die and your life is over and
then you're alive again, all in a
second

But you can't tell anyone and only
you know it of course

You exhale, breathing second to
second

Breathing is something you
respect

FASHION

You want to wear the right thing
at the party tonight
Something that will facilitate
people loving you

You can wear anything
Clothes are there to be clothes

rare animals dream skin, in their
own Freudian REM cycle

You want to wear something that
breaks all the fucking rules

You want to be hissed at
To be beaten
To be held
To be feared, loved and honored
All within your own fashion

People wear clothes
To communicate things
A construction worker
A lawyer

A priest

A police officer

The clothes are saying “You can see what I am, and you can believe what I am.”

You happen to be a famous person and you want to respect what that means with fashion

You are the light
bring your body through the
dreams of others’ consciousness

You are the people, when the
people have the courage to
dream of themselves

But it’s been hard lately with the
fashion thing

You have become lost

But maybe that’s good?

You got to follow your heart with
this fashion thing

God, of course, is your
inspiration
But also, a ferret pretending to be
a ferret

You want to be funky

You call up your personal stylist
They hang up quickly, it's
something that they are
supposed to do.

They answer

"Hello," you say

"I think I might be dead," they
say

You hang up

Things are going really well
tonight

There is a lot of energy out
tonight

You're getting a little bit scared.
Things are going really well so far

You know someone who has
befriended wolves
You don't want to get a tattoo
inside your body tonight

Back to fashion,
You have gone on long soul-
searching walks with your stylist
Pouring your heart out at a
dessert, having them watch you
eat a pragmatic meal with your
parents, giving them the legal
right to enter your dream, you
want your fashion to be brave.

You and your fashion stylist have
been trying abstract fashion,
nothing too big, wacky, pop star
at best. It has caused a slight bit
of pain for about two weeks now.
You get messages of what to
wear through anonymous texts,
you're starting to believe it's
through spiritual algorithms, it's
not making you comfortable.

“I hate fashion,” you yell at the top of your lungs.

When will a simple human mask, that can be put on easily and looks like another human, be sold?

Isn't that something that we should all funnel our energy into as a species?

MIND POWER

You yell into the sky again
You want a ruby grill when you
do it

You yell “Why?” You do it often
throughout the day.
It’s “kind of” a joke

You’re not afraid of basic
questions, basic questions are
the most powerful questions.

Cliches are the most beautiful
thing in the human language, they
are the only things passed on
through language.

We have gone back to the same
questions, because we are wise
and because we have not
answered them. Everything else
is an homage to those questions.

“Life is the biggest cliché, you are born and you die.” You once said that while walking out the door of a very important party.

You watched yourself in a mirror when you said it

You were your truest self

Someone hissed at you “I’m an animal too.”

It’s good to be famous, people are aware that you are alive, and they will be aware when you die.

The world changes with you

Every person visualizes what will happen when they die.

Can you imagine the joy it is to visualize what will happen when you die when you’re famous?

DRUGS

You are disappointed that there isn't more pageantry with the act of taking drugs, the act is still hidden, still considered a disgrace to the evolution of the species.

You want there to more honor,
drugs are art

If not, at least, more hedonism
less darkness.

Perhaps a hologram magician
could come out from the
package.

There will be a day when all drugs
are all legal and there will be fun
parks. Vegas will team up with
Disney and religious sects and it
will be the end of math.

Your style needs to be changed
up, you're aware of that, you
need to start looking classy.
Start buying 1,000-dollar water,
sold by time.

You look skinny and obese,
you're beginning to get that neck
move where it looks like you can
turn your head in a full circle:
meth, time travel, fortune cookies
and baby crib cliff notes.

You're sweating discarded pee
from the internet.
Drugs don't help your body and
real fame now comes from the
body, from wanting people to end
your body
You want drugs that are healthy
on your body, mind and soul and
allow you to transcend them at
the same time and be functional
and of course get you incredibly
high

OTHER PEOPLE

“What is that strange person at my gate?” you whisper, then sprint towards the gate.

You enjoy sprinting, it feels like your entire body is giggling.

Sprinting is the highest function of the body, if you could jump, ejaculate, vomit, cry, yell, urinate and defecate while jumping into a cream-like liquid that changes solid colors rapidly, you would be glad to do it.

The person at the gate is dressed as a poorly funded spy, they are meditating at the gates of your property.

This might not be real, you’re aware of that.

The reason is, you have paid people to provide experiences that are metaphors to you.

Everything is a metaphor, nothing stands alone in its own entity, you are alive, because you are not dead.

You must break out of your own existence. To be able to see yourself outside yourself but from the view of the highest power within yourself.

Can you skip your next thought into your next thought? Can you truly not know who you are?

You must transcend your next thought.

They say change is life, but there isn't much life

Strangers have tripped in front of you on purpose, as a learning tool. People have approached

you selling very low quality products, only to reveal they are wearing ancient religious garments, people have screamed words within the context of your birthday with words crosswoven by certain guru prophecies based on your own palm readings of what you might say while dying. It doesn't do much, but it's a start.

You want to leave your body

This “organized learning tool” is provided for you by your assistant Tim.

You walk towards the spy person calmly.

“Hey, what are you doing here?”
You ask
“I don't know.”

You both laugh and stop at the same time. You look at each other.

“You’re not breaking any laws,” you say kindly

“I’m a good person.”

“Ok.”

“Are you going to stay outside my gate?”

“I didn’t know I was here.”

You both stare at each other for a few seconds and then turn away

You walk back into your house, it’s an odd walk, you’re under the impression the spy is watching you, within time the walk becomes a dance of sorts.

Other people help, even in your own mind.

You look back before getting to your house.

You do not run down the hill,
perhaps you should though, the
world is crazy enough that it's
almost impossible to act crazy,
so you walk at a confident pace,
like a leader of a parade, arms
flailing, head held high.

When you get to the gates, that
spy is not there, but there is a
rose out on the ground, the spy
could be hiding.

“This is not goooooood,” you say
out loud, you hear a giggle with
lots of reverb from somewhere
and you walk angrily back to your
house.

A number you don't recognize
calls you, they are trying to sell
you a tomb. You need your
assistant Tim right now!

GETTING HIGH

You're stressed.

You do some more drugs

The Midwest melts into a sound
and you bathe in rays of extra life.

The greatest rollerblader who
might have ever existed, with one
pore on their face, who has never
had a thought degrade itself, who
has never thought in a contextual
meta fashion, this person rides up
to you and breast feeds you the
idea of California.

Yes, the California that fuels the
economy past the old medieval
survival tactics of the east, but
also the California that is of the
sun.

The sun is the market, the sun is the energy.

This rollerblader breast feeds you in the form of a cow. You ride the cow through the streets of LA. You wish there was a saddle, you figure there would be more saddles for animals these days.

The cow is moving slowly and you're waving at everyone. What others don't understand and what they need to understand most is that you truly do want all people to be loved.

They wave at you. Large teeth, healthy pores. It's a moment in time for everyone involved. When it happens, everyone sweats an orange sweat.

The world changes with you

.

It is only the ones which will exist forever who have that power. The echo must last forever.

You're getting into your high.

A two-dimensional lake is gently placed on your head and you eat just an ok boiled egg.

Russian fashion is lodged into the crevices of your teeth which will dissolve in the coming days.

One individual hair grows somewhere on your body

You cry out a faint cry, a single bubble gently popping between a bird calling for its mother and the dying breath of science.

“Why if I ever catch you science,
why... I would...”

You say with some sass and
mischievousness

You call out for your assistant
using a golden flute.

Your assistant is never more than
30 feet away from you. Tim runs
over.

“I just wanted to say hello Tim.”
“Hello.”

You stare at each other, a car
drives by, people yell, they honk,
you refuse to look.

“You’re famous,” Tim says before
climbing up a ladder

FAME

You're famous
You are a dust blink on a
fragment of an imploding tangent
of culture

A smudged piece of the mosaic
within the psyche of America

You have been sacrificed and will
be reborn daily

You have woven your own
isolated spiritual path within the
very commerce that has defeated
you

You are both sides of the
continuum of an archetype
looped back on itself so neither
trust the identity of the other

But you know you exist, your
history is written

You are a conjoined twin with
your own self
Which you deny to all who can
plainly see both heads
only to hold your own self at
times, crying and laughing
conveying an awareness, a truth
and beauty of being,
that one can only possess by
being lost.

You often think, where does the
power of “you” stop? If someone
sees you, they can tell another
person, but can that friend tell
another person that another
person told them they saw you?
Not really.

In fact, many people are slightly
offended by the idea that they
would value that. There is only a
small echo of that fame shine.
Maybe that’s why there are wars?

So, you fall into the only wombs
that will hold you:

Drugs, illegal pants, dehydrated
gurus, false science, panic
attacks, wet dreams, shadowed
fund raisers, elite dog seeds, 8
sided faces, thoughts you would
have thought were inconceivable
traded secretly within the cabal,
promises with blinding beauty

When you are a template of the
definition of a modern human, to
be on stage, for others to shine
any light and conceive of any
shadow, for their own identity, it
only makes sense to you, to try to
stay a step ahead of every
human-conceived thought, ever.

How can you not believe anything
is possible?

If only you could truly see your
own face

You're not really allowed to tell
people, but you know and they
know that you're almost a god
already

It can make you giggle, it can
make you cry

Is God ever bored?
If so, what does that mean?
Can God fall in and out of love?

You buy a small psycho dog over
the internet and send it to a
stranger

When you are famous, you must
decide what not to do

You once ate yourself in your
own dream
for a year straight
There was no pain

There was no villain or no
sacrifice

Everybody prays the same, that
does concern you.

Scientists believe that when a
child starts to recognize that
there are others, that's when they
recognize they are not God. It's
only then they realize the power
of their mother, it is only then
they recognize that they must
love, not for food but for survival.

God made people because God
didn't know its own origin

You look out into the LA night

And whisper
"What do you believe..."

Can everything be worshipped?

You hear the sounds of a coyote
and thousands of jock jams
laughing and crying together
looking at a single drum

Then a little dot appears on your
back

You knew it was there
You never told anyone

Then the dot leaves

Life is all we know

GETTING READY TO BE READY

You take a nap
Then you wake up

You are going to a party tonight

It's not the first, nor the last

But this one is of importance
This one is intended to be a
monument

Things don't exist, then they do

Most conversations, in a lifetime,
with other people
Are in your own brain

The conversations that are not
are generally with people's
bodies

Is it possible to change your
entire existence in a second?

without dying?

The answer to that is drugs,
maybe, and love

Sometimes the sunset is the
sunset and sometimes it is not

You yell out, "Tim, where are
you?"

Tim is always contractually within
30 yards of you
hiding when not called

You see Tim swiftly fall from a
tree and run towards you

"Tim, look at my face, right now."
Tim does for ten minutes

Is there anything that has been a
better document of history more
than the human face?

It's very easy to change your
face,

but not many people do it

Your face covers your mind
It is the mask to your mind
It is the window to your mind
The face can betray the mind
But the mind does not betray the
face

You yell at Tim
“Tim, I’m going to go to a party
tonight! A party in LA!”

It is 7:30, a time before getting
ready for the party

Before the cameras turn on,
before history begins

You just lay down on your lawn
And try to relax

Is waiting the most important
thing?

You have been going through a
very intense transition

“It’s a spiritual thing.”

You have been telling people

You have been chanting the
mantra

“I am changing...now!”

When you say the word now, you
lift your eyebrows as high as you
can and let out a whistle

There is a very good chance that
it is working

You have been wearing a lot of
purple plaid

A little Scottish dog has been
coming to your back patio
And barking, you’re pretty sure it
is sent by your friends

You think a lot in your house and
on the lawn

You walk around the ground of
your house thinking

What is the energy of a tiger?
What is the energy of eternity?
Can someone combine these
energies?
Could we all be the same
universe and the same blinking
light?
How does a person enter nature?

People call and ask you how
you're doing
And you say
"I just want to have fun."
They all think that is a good thing
to say
"You seem to be doing well,"
they say
"I have probably never been
better, but I'm also in a lot of
danger."

You have been doing lots of
drugs, but in a good way
In a way that needs to be done

We are only covered by skin!

“This party is going to be
insane!”

You yelled into your own face in
the mirror

You yelled it like you were kidding
but it feels good!

“Ok, just a second that felt really
real.”

Then you almost cry, but only for
a second
you then almost cry for the joy of
not crying

your thoughts cannot be faster in
the future than in this moment.

That’s a promise to yourself, the
moment knows to much
You then look at your face in the
mirror

Can a person surprise their own
mind?

Maybe death is the only thing left
to surprise your mind?

How close can you get to giving
birth in your mind?

To feeling death in your mind?

Can one make love to their own
mind?

What can the mind forgive?
what can it accept?

You think this to yourself as
smoke would think of a cat
One time you cried at a party as
the sun was rising

Thinking what if the number two
was before the number one?
For even a millisecond?

And they both knew it and both
numbers accepted it?

You spoke of this idea to the
room

There was silence and respect, if
not wonder

Everyone around you at the party
thought it would be a wonderful
idea to get that as a tattoo
Everyone in the room made a
vow behind the drugs

beyond meaning...

That you all would get that tattoo,
as the sun peaked, and a famous
actor was trying to tase
themselves

Did they get the tattoo?

You do not know

Ok, enough get ready for the
party

You're just going to go, just going
for it!

You put on the song Funky Cold
Medina
And make a really progressive
salad

Your drug dealer who is a
vampire
and a professional BASE jumper,

Calls you

You don't answer
He's supposed to have
something very special

"God, tonight is going to be
intense."

skim milk comes out of your
elbow

Remember when new metal and
new age music almost made a
blood vow before Venice beach
and the Vatican?

“Things are going really well.”
You say

you then think for only a
millisecond
about putting a third nipple on
your back

You don't know what's going to
happen
But you're going to be you
What else is life for?

A hawk then calmly smashes into
your room sized bathroom
window
One after the other
Over and over again in the exact
same manner
The window repairs itself each
time

the face of the hawk is the sound
that builds into an echo
Then into a techno beat

You dance

MEANING OF A PARTY

The word party has lost its
spiritual practice
it has lost its horizon

Yes, partying is about getting wild
and having a good time
The lampshade
the agreed fall of language and
cognitive ability

The universal collaboration
outside the form of human
structure

But it's also a ritual
It's about looking God in the eye
And saying "Guess what?

We invented rock and roll!"

Parties are the last prayer

The last ritual
It's all there:
The glory
the pain
All of time

Nothing has happened yet
There are no fake eyes
No fly machines
No aliens

"We still live on this planet!"
You often yell walking down the
streets in LA

You haven't left your house in a
long time
It's mysterious

One thing you like about partying
is that it's about time
And the lack of it

Maybe there is a secret day on
the calendar that hasn't been
discovered?

You have discovered a secret
number in a dream
That truly is a secret number

You're getting ready for
everything

Can't we all save the world?

It's rumored someone might
really die at the party

There is going to be clam dip
lacquered on the walls
Sprinkled with PCP

Then you get really scared
Are things getting too intense?
Is this the kind of night where you
will holler into the air at sunrise
"What is love?"

While you sign up for 5 years
straight of sea cruises?
You're really glad you live in LA

The world might have the world
But that's just the world

LA is the dream factory

And the parties are the beginning
and end of the dream at the same
time.

Who doesn't want to be born and
die at the same time knowing
they will be born again every
second?

That's LA and this is the night.

At the party there will be
important people
A lot of your old friends will be
there

They will ask you,
"How are you doing?"
Then maybe a ray of light will
come out of your mouth as your
eyes turn into snake eyes

With a party everything is now

You then do something cool

Which was you put you face
down on a mirror

And right on cue, like a movie
you say

“Right now.”

While becoming a drug

You keep your head close to the
mirror

and whisper to yourself

“Things are going very well.”

You can't help it, you have to
celebrate.

You yell into the air

“Wooooooooohooooo!”

Like a cool cowboy before there
were cowboys!

But then you reflect, I will have to
accomplish things

“I must not sleep.”

You need to be strong and not
sleep
To sleep is to quit

The universe is before you, on
this very day

You just must hold onto the
dream of today
the dream of forever.

If you do sleep, that would end
history

Thankfully, you have the proper
drugs not to sleep.
One last prayer.

“Go time.” You say with a smile
and wink.

FREEDOM

All your life you have been
formally attempting to stretch
what it is to be human
Not within a linear line
prayer or science
you're not attempting
transcendence

But in a broken shattered
spectrum, within life its very self
Only its own shadow of debris
can cast light on a new path and
new pattern
It's a free fall and you must see
the light before the darkness

You don't care about anything
Besides the stuff that is real
"I am allowed to touch fire,"
You whisper

Ever catch an animal in your own
mind?

And then buy the animal at a
secret underground auction
Then raise the animal by
yourself?

Only to free it when you know
you must?

Then that same animal passes
wisdom to you from a place
between heaven and aliens
in a way that is of course not
through language

It's not your first party
You dyed my spine years ago

You're the person who just goes
for it!

While screaming
"Look at me, screaming going for
it!"

You have manic tendencies, but
who wouldn't?

You can just feel your mind being
happy about that
Slightly skipping on a river
Not trying to fly
Just sprinting and whispering
"Hey you, listen body, we are not
flying!"
But in a joking way

But the way the light hits the river
Are you kidding me?

At the very least you could turn
into smoke
And float above the world
You're in the mood for just going
crazy tonight

Just allowing your spirit to fly free
into the night
To not question your own beliefs

JOY

And what is fun?
Maybe just attempting it

There's a lot of fun stuff to do
That we all know, right?

Doing crazy stuff

Telling jokes
Doing drugs

All those things are fun
Even getting close to death - but
not getting too close

In heaven there are probably lots
of different kinds of fun, which is
intense to think about

What happens to famous people
in heaven?

Is it the most important thing ever
to find this out?

You're getting excited for the
party that's for sure
you have had lock jaw for about
72 hours
Really, really good energy is
flowing in your body

Should you get dental braces for
religious purposes?

There are other things that are
good also

Besides partying

There are many
you can almost cry just thinking
about that very idea

Loving people
Doing the right thing
Being a good person

Nature

Those are good also

But those things don't happen
every night

You're really thinking intense
thoughts right now
you look at the LA skyline

And you whisper...
"It's like a million crazy shining
diamonds."

You looked up into a star
You have such a strong
connection with stars!

Why can't we have a ceremony
for the stars
everyday!
"Thank you stars," is what you
would say
Shouldn't there be more
ceremonies for a lot of things?

You then think about what
courage means while putting on
your ruby suit
“My ruby suit is good,” you say

GOING TO THE PARTY

You leave your house
And get in your car
You will drive the car safely to the
party
It's important to be safe
There is rumored to be a religious
prophet at the party

you're driving fast

It's a little bit dangerous to do
so,
You wink at an animal that is cool
and...honest
Whatever...
"So, what if I'm fucking crazy,"
you whisper to yourself

you're pretty sure you're a great
person

Only one face the entire time

You're listening to super exciting
music

One eye lash falls

But you don't look, you do not
register it in your being

You're going to the party

You're in a sports car called
"Cannard"

You drive by an old man playing a
sitar

The old man says something
between an old beer commercial
meme and new age prayer

You can barely hear it, but it
comes to you in the form of a hair
product and you use it

Running the foamy greasy
product through your hair
you're a half lizard- half
zookeeper

You drive fast and good
You know air holds infinite
universes

THE PARTY

You arrive at the party

The house is larger than a house
could be

They have probably killed many
people and saved many people

Many crazy things could happen
tonight

you have a small ferret in the leg
of your pants

You are met at the door by door
people

They look smart and tough

They could probably be in the
party

But they don't know enough

They know how to save a body
Not destroy it

You tell them this
And they hold you tight against
their heart
It's a little too tight
It hurt a little bit

"Welcome to the party!" They
say. They don't have any teeth.

"To enter this house, you must
prance into the room."
It isn't open for discussion

The door is open for you

You are at the party
Your body is at the party!

Humans love the fact, but not
idea that they cannot look into
the sun

Your eyes are closed
You are free

You open your eyes and look at
the party

The tools

The subjects

The structure

It's all a myth
by the end of the night everyone
will be "it"
joined, hand in hand transforming
into beings of light

Everything in the room is just for
fun

Everything is a prop

The scent of an honest gold urine
is placed in the corner of the
room but can't be smelled
There is a pearl made to glisten in
the corner

Somewhere between easy
listening and desire

Someone is performing surgery
on what appears to be a lion
The lion is sopping wet, its mane
is poorly dyed, a manic tired
orange

Ancient texts sparkling on a
jasmine waterfall

The next script starring life and
non-life

So, you prance about in a room
with glory and hope

You enter the party
And someone says to you,
“This is a really good party.”

Many famous people are there

A person comes up to you

“You are allowed to eat people
when the time is right.”

You stand in the middle of the
room and make eye contact with
everyone, while going in a circle

You then vomit perfectly like a
cartoon

You don't make a sound there is
no struggle in your face

It all happens in nano-second
and then the vomit is gone

You hear a golf clap

You go to a corner and a person
walks up to you wearing a mask

“Do you want to talk to me?”

They ask

“Yes, I do.”

“Thank you,” they say and walk
away

